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HEALTH,

A

POEM.

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SHEWING

How to PROCURE, PRESERVE, and RESTORE it.

To which is annex'd,

THE

Doctor's *DECADE.*

By EDWARD BAYNARD, M. D.

The NINTH EDITION, *Corrected.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. RICHARDSON, in *Pater-noſter-row.*
MDCCLXIV.

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THE

PREFACE.

IT *was a uſual Saying of the great Lord* Verulam, *That not one Man of a Thouſand dies a* natural *Death; and that moſt Diſeaſes have their* Riſe *and* Origin *from Intemperance. Therefore,*

Unerring *Nature* learn to follow cloſe,
For *quantum ſufficit* is her juſt Doſe:
Sufficient clogs no Wheels and tires no Horſe,
Yet briſkly drives the Blood around the Courſe;
And hourly adds unto its Waſtes, Supplies,
In due Proportion to what's ſpent and dies;
Whilſt *ſurfeiting* corrupts the purple Gore,
And bankrupts Nature of her long-liv'd Store:
And thus the *Soul* is from the *Body* tore
Before its Time.——

Which by a *temperate* Life, in a clean Cell,
Might full a hundred Years with Comfort dwell,
And drop, when *ripe*, as Nuts do ſlip the *Shell*.

Truſt not to *Conſtitution*, 'twill decay,
And twiſted *Strength*, its Fibres wear away.
As cloſe-wove *Garments* of a ſtrong-ſpun Thread,
The *Woof* frets out and tears away the *Web*;
So *Soul* and *Body*, tho' ne'er ſo well conjoin'd,
The longer that they wear the more they grind,
Then the crackt *Organ* muſt impair the Mind.
All finite Things tend to their own undoing,
But Man alone's induſtrious to his Ruin;
He, what with *Riot*, *Delicates*, and *Wine*,
Turns *Pioneer*, himſelf to undermine.
Beſides the hidden *Snares* laid in our Way,
The ſudden *Deaths* we hear of ev'ry Day,
The ſmootheſt Paths have unſeen *Ambuſcades*,
And *Inſecurity*, *Security* invades.
For no Man knows what's the next Hour's *Event*:
Man *lives* juſt as he *dies*, by Accident.
How ſoft is *Fleſh*, how brittle is a *Bone*!
Time eats up *Steel*, and Monuments of *Stone*,
And from his *Teeth* art thou exempt alone?

What

What Warrant haſt thou that thy Body's *Proof*
Againſt the Anguiſh of an aching Tooth ?
How ſoon's a *Fever* rous'd by acute Pains ?
The ſmalleſt *Ails* have all their Partizans ;
And in inteſtine Wars they may divide,
And *Life*'s Deſerters liſt on the wrong Side.
Diſeaſes, like true Blood-hounds, ſeize their Dam,
And prey upon the *Carcaſs* whence they came.
Be always on thy Guard, watchful and wiſe,
Leſt *Death* ſhould take thee napping by *Surprize.*

Drunkenneſs and Gluttony ſteal Men off ſilently and ſingulatim, *whereas* Sword *and* Peſtilence *do it by the* Lump ; *but then Death makes a* Halt, *and comes to a Ceſſation of* Arms ; *but the other knows no* Stop *nor* Intermiſſion, *but perpetually jogs on and depopulates inſenſibly and by degrees ; and though this is every Day experienced, yet Men are ſo enſlaved by Cuſtom and a long* Habit, *that no Admonition will avail : ſo true is that Saying, That he that goes to the Tavern at firſt for the Love of the* Company, *will at laſt go thither for the Love of*

the Liquor; *and therefore 'twas an excellent Advice our ingenious Author gave his Godſon:*

Paſs by a *Tavern-Door*, my *Son*,
This ſacred *Truth* write on thy Heart;
'Tis eaſier Company to ſhun,
Than at a *Pint* it is to part.

For one *Pint* draws another *in*.
And that *Pint* lights a *Pipe*;
And thus in the *Morn* they tap the *Day*,
And drink it out e'er *Night*:

Not dreaming of a ſudden Bounce,
From *Vinous Sulphurs* ſtor'd within;
Which blows the *Drunkard* up at once,
When the Fire takes *Life*'s Magazine.

An *Apoplexy* kills as ſure
As Cannon Ball, and oft as ſoon;
And will no more yield to a Cure,
Than murd'ring Chain-ſhot from a Gun.

Why ſhould Men dread a *Cannon* Bore,
Yet boldly 'proach a Pottle-*Pot*?
That may fall ſhort, ſhoot wide, or o'er,
But *Drinking* is the ſurer *Shot*.

How

How many *Fools* about this Town,
Do quaff and laugh away their *Time*,
And nightly knock each other down
With Claret *Clubs*, of No-Grape Wine;

Until a Dart from *Bacchus'* Quiver,
As *Solomon* deſcribeth right,
Does ſhoot his *Tartar* thro' the *Liver*,
Then (*Bonos Noctios* Sot) *good Night.*

Good *Wine* will *kill* as well as *bad*,
When drank beyond (our Nature's) Bounds;
Then *Wine* gives *Life* a mortal *Stab*,
And leaves her *weltring* in her Wounds.

Wounds! that no Phyſic Art can *heal*,
And very rarely that they feel
The *Stroke*, the Moment it does kill.

Many a Soul *with great Difficulty lugs on a weak and worn-out* Carcaſs *to its daily Rendezvous, who perhaps for many Years has been nothing elſe but the Vintner's* Conveyancer *to carry his* Liquors *between the* Hogſhead *and the* Piſs-Pot.

But

But when, alas! Men come to die
Of Dropſy, Jaundice, Stone and Gout;
When the *black* Reckoning draws nigh,
And Life (before the Bottle) 's out:

When (low drawn) Time's upon the *Tilt*,
Few Sands and Minutes left to run;
And all our (paſt-gone) *Years* are ſpilt,
And the great *Work* is left undone:

When reſtleſs Conſcience knocks within,
And in *Deſpair* begins to bawl,
Death, like a Drawer, then ſteps in,
And aſketh, *Gentlemen!* d'ye call?

I wiſh that *Men* would timely think
On this great Truth in their full *Bowls*,
Both *I* and *Will* of *Ludgate-Hill*,
And all our Friends round *Paul*'s.

When a Man's Diſtempers ſtare him in the Face, *and he is ſummon'd to lay down his Duſt, he, alas! then ſees the Folly of his* Ways, *and what a miſerable Purchaſe he has made with his miſ-ſpent* Time, Health, *and* Money; *and,*

and, like a Malefactor at the Gallows, makes ſome ſhort Speech of Warning to his Companions, who give him the Hearing, and perhaps are drunk with his own Claret *at his* Funeral.

But, alas! the Deſtruction of himſelf is the leaſt Part of the Tragedy, the Miſchief is ſtruck deeper, and entails hereditary Diſeaſes on his innocent Poſterity, to the eternal Infamy of his Name and Family; when the poor Off-ſpring of his wretched Carcaſs *inherits nothing but the Schedule of his Diſtempers, and dwindles away a miſerable Life, in* Pills, Plaiſters, *and* Potions. *I wiſh that Men may think of this, and prize and preſerve a good Conſtitution and Stock of* Health *before it be too late.*

I cannot better cloſe this Epiſtle, than as the ſame Author obſerves the old Romans *to have done to their Friends.*

Cura ut valeas: For Health once gone,
All Comforts periſh with it, and are none;

Riches

Riches and Honour, Muſick, Wine and Wit,
Wax *flat* and taſteleſs with the Loſs of it.
Could Youth but ſee with gouty *old Men*'s Eyes,
One *Stretch* upon their Back wou'd make 'em wiſe:
And Drunkenneſs (the damn'd firſt Cauſe) deſpiſe.
But ſuch is giddy Youth's unhappy Fate,
When *crippl'd* and *nail'd* down, they're wiſe too late.

Unhappy Man! that drinks his own Undoing,
As tho' his Buſineſs were to pledge his Ruin.
And that brave *Texture* his ſound Parents knit,
With *Pipe* and *Pot* he does unravel it.
As if the Gods in Anger gave him Wealth,
To ſacrifice to *Bacchus* Youth and Health.
Health of all earthly Bleſſings is the beſt,
Yet moſt 'tis *valu'd*, when 'tis leaſt *poſſeſt*.

AN

ESSAY

TO A

RULE of HEALTH.

THE DEFINITION.

HEALTH is a free, eaſy, and perfect Enjoyment of all the Faculties of *Mind* and *Body* to the due Performance of the *Animal Functions*, without any Impediment, Pain, or Moleſtation:

WHICH IS THUS TO BE ATTAINED;

IF twice Man's Age you would fulfil,
Let *Reaſon* guide you, not your *Will*:

Let

Let all the Paſſions of the *Soul*
Be ſubject unto her Controul ;
She checks all Raſhneſs, and gives time
To think, and re-think each Deſign :
They who do thus, before they act,
'Tis rarely ſeen, repent the Fact.
This makes an eaſy, quiet *Mind*,
(The greateſt Bleſſing of Mankind ;)
And he that in this Bliſs does ſhare,
Enjoys a Ray of *Heaven* here.

Fly all Exceſs, and firſt take care
Of *Wine* and *Women* to beware.
Sport, dally, tattle with 'em rarely,
And marry not a *Wife* too early ;

Stay

Stay till you're grown, and Joints are knit,
And you have *Money* got, and *Wit*:
For he that *weds* before he's wiſe,
Is ſhackled by a Fool's Advice:
Alas! then he may ſee his Fate,
And feel it too, when 'tis too late.

In ſingle Life live pure and chaſte,
Leſt from your Face your *NOSE* you caſt.
And is it not a great Diſgrace,
To loſe the *Boltſprit* of your Face?
Tho' Tears and Prayers may atone for th' Sin,
Yet Howlings bring no *NOSE* again:
So never touch forbidden Fruit,
But think on *NOSE*, when tempted to't.

'Till

'Till *Hunger* pinches, never eat;
And then, on plain, not ſpiced Meat.
Deſiſt before you eat your fill,
Drink to dilute, but not to ſwill,
So no Ructations you will feel.

Let *Supper* little be, and light;
But none makes always the beſt Night:
It gives ſweet Sleep without a Dream,
Leaves Morning's Mouth ſweet, moiſt, and clean.

A little *Breakfaſt* you may eat,
Yet not ſo as to ſatiate:
But *Dinner* then you muſt poſtpone,
'Till farther in the Afternoon;

For

For never load freſh Food upon
Your Stomach, till the former's gone;
For whatſoe'er is ſwallow'd thus,
Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous*:
And taking more than *Nature* needs,
Of moſt Diſtempers ſows the Seeds.

Accuſtom early in your Youth
To lay Embargo on your *Mouth*;
And let no Rarities invite,
To pall and glut your Appetite:
But check it always, and give o're
With a Deſire of eating more.
For where one dies by *Inanition*,
A thouſand periſh by *Repletion*.

To miſs a *Meal*, ſometimes is good,
It ventilates and cools the Blood,
Gives *Nature* time to clean her Streets
From Filth and Crudities of Meats.
For too much Meat the Bowels fur,
And Faſting's *Nature's* Scavenger.

When as your Stomach nauſeates,
And kecks at Smell or Sight of Meats,
By Vomit fetch away the Load
Of Phlegm and undigeſted Food;
And do it ſoon, before it dwells
So as to tinge its Tunicles;
And breed ſow'r Ferment, which begets
Unſavoury Belches, and ſick Fits,

And Steams which taint the Mouth and Gums
With fœtid Smells, like ulcer'd Lungs:
And after *Vomits*, always uſe
Emollients ſoft, to cool and ſmooth;
For Retching makes the Stomach ſore,
Which Lenitives will beſt reſtore.

Bleed only when you find the *Blood*
Abound, or ſtagnate; then 'tis good;
Which you may very eas'ly gueſs,
By heavy ſtiff Unwieldineſs,
Short *Breath*, high *Pulſe*, *& cætera:*
Then quickly take ſome Blood away;
But more eſpecially in Stitches,
Pleuritic Pains, and pungent Twitches;

Then out of hand without Delay,
Take a good Quantity away.

For *Purging* I ſhall give no Rule,
But after Glutt'ny and cramming full,
'Tis good to empty and to cool.
Tho' forc'd *Evacuations* are
Such as we ought to uſe with Care,
Since 'tis not known what we can ſpare:
For **Phyſick* drives off with the Blood
Some Parts of the ſubſtantial Good;
And if you'd keep the *Balance* even,
Dame *Nature* muſt be led, not driven.

By

* Neque impune poſſe adminiſtrari, cum omnia præter naturam ſint, ob idque naturales facultates infeſtent; nec poſſint adeo morboſas cauſas recindere, quin una illis, aliquid etiam benignæ ſubſtantiæ rapiant. *Galen. lib. de ſectis prope finem.*

By Methods mild, and by degrees,
We ſhould relieve her Grievances;
As Faſting, Exerciſe, and Time,
And *Water* heals the Wounds of *Wine:*
But where the *Fever*'s peracute,
It won't admit of long Diſpute;
When Life's chief *Fortreſs* is attack'd,
Quickly conſult, and quickly act;
For many a *Life* hath ſlipt away,
By careleſs trifling, and delay.
So when the Caſe is very urging,
Spare neither vomiting, nor purging;
Provided that your Judgment's tight,
And take the Indication right;
Ev'n then be not the only Agent,
Leſt a dead Corpſe ſhou'd prove your Patient;

But call in *Doctors* of more Skill,
Who may you cure, or help you kill:
Then let it happen as it will,
You can't be found *Felo de ſe*,
If ſlain in learned Company.

When ſtruck in Years, ſtrong *Drink* forbear,
Eſpecially of *Wine* beware;
Old Men of Moiſture want Supplies,
And *Wine* of all Sorts heats and dries,
Twitches and Cramps their Tartars give;
Hence Men ſtep ſhort, and ſtraddle ſtiff;
For vinous Spirits pray upon
Nutricious Juice, and vital *Balm:*
This makes them tabid, lean, and thin,
With looſe and flabby, wrinkled Skin.

Water

Water and *Whey*, of Drinks are firſt,
They cool, dilute, and quench the Thirſt;
And next to thoſe is good ſmall *Beer*,
Not ſow'r, but ſmart, and briſk, and clear.
Not that in gen'ral I condemn
A Glaſs of gen'rous now and then;
When you are faint, your Spirits low,
Your String relax'd, 'twill bend your Bow,
Brace your Drum Head, and make you tight,
Wind up your Watch, and ſet you right.
But then again, the too much Uſe
Of all ſtrong Liquors is th' Abuſe:
'Tis *Liquid* makes the *Solids* looſe,
The *Texture* and whole *Frame* deſtroys;
But Health lies in the *Equipoiſe*.

The greateſt Part o'th' World's content
With *Adam*'s Ale, pure Element;
And who ſo ſtrong, and does more Work,
Than doth the *Water*-drinking *Turk?*
And when the Stomach's out of order,
No Cordial like a glaſs of *Water*;
This, this has baffled all the *Slops*
Of Ladies Cloſets, and the Shops.

As *Water*'s beſt, ſo 'twas the firſt
Of *Liquors*, made to quench the *Thirſt*
Of Men, of Beaſts, of Plants, and Trees;
From whence they all have their Increaſe:
Its Uſes are too manifold,
And marv'lous great e'er to be told;

Its

Its Particles conſtituent
Are too minute an Element.
Its Make and Texture, Craſis, Grain,
Are too ſtupendiouſly fine
For Virtuoſo's to deſcry,
Tho' Glaſſes come t'aſſiſt their Eye.
Ceaſe then, vain Search! let that alone,
Hid, with all Eſſences unknown;
But be content that the *Creator*
Has bleſs'd the World with ſo much *Water*.
It works itſelf (as being thin)
Int' all the Pores and Parts within;
Helps all *Secretions* in their Uſes,
And ſweetens ſharp and ſour Juices;
Tempers hot *Bile*, thins viſcid Phlegm,
And moderates in each Extream;

Damps the fierce *Æſtus* of the Blood,
Abates the Fever's boiling Flood;
Dilutes the *Salts*, melts off their Points,
And acrid Particles disjoints;
And is the only *Liquor* that
Never grows eager, ſharp or flat:
Give it but Motion, Room, and Air,
Its Purity will ne'er impair:
Experience daily ſhews it's true,
That *Water* only this can do.
All other *Liquors* made by *Art*,
Grow rancid, vapid, ſour, and tart.

Chuſe *Water* that is cool, and thin,
Such as feels ſmooth, and ſoft to th' *Skin*,
Looks clear, and bright, and cryſtalline:

The lighteſt *Water* is the beſt,
That is without or *Smell*, or *Taſte*;
Which ſtanding long, yields few Contents
Of *Scum*, or *Clouds*, or *Sediments*;
Such as will lather cold with Soap,
Tho' ne'er was ſainted by the *Pope*,
(As *Bridget*, *Anne*, and *Winifred:*)
For 'tis the *Water* does the Feat,
The Saint's the Varniſh, and the Cheat;
And he that has a *Spring* like this,
Has with good *Air* a double *Bliſs*.

Never give way to Sloath and Eaſe,
For Laz'neſs is a great Diſeaſe;
And when it has Poſſeſſion got,
It makes the Man a ſtupid Sot.

When Sleep does firſt deſert you, riſe;
Next, waſh the Gum from off your *Eyes*.
Cold *Water* pure will clear the Sight,
Comfort the *Eyes*, and keep them bright.
Indulge not Drowſineſs, unleſs
It does proceed from Wearineſs.
'Thout ſome Fatigue there's no ſound Sleep,
'Tis eating without Appetite;
For thoſe that ſtart in *Sleep*, or ſhake,
Find ſmall Refreſhment when they wake.
And when you *riſe*, approach not near
A *Fire*, except the Cold's ſevere;
And then, at diſtance take the Heat,
Becauſe it does *debilitate*;
And Sloth and Sluggiſhneſs induce,
And ſpoil your natural Reſt by Uſe.

This

This Cuſtom Students muſt avoid,
For Mem'ry is by Heat annoy'd,
And by hard Drinking, quite deſtroy'd.
For Reminiſcence is ſtrongeſt where
The *Head*'s ſerene, and cool and clear.
This Truth is ſeen in Regions cold,
There what they *read* they always hold.
But 'tis the Nature of a *Wit*,
Soon to invent, ſoon to forget;
For from the *Brain* that's hot and dry,
The ſlight Impreſſions quickly fly:
Whereas in *moiſt* and phlegmy Brains,
The Stamp's ſtruck *deep*, and long remains.
Tho' 'tis allow'd, there are ſome few
That have good Wits, and Mem'ry too.

Riſe early with the Summer's *Sun*,
Eſpecially when you are young;
For he that early walks the Fields,
Takes all the Sweets that *Flora* yields;
Juſt as the *Sun* unlocks the Blooms
Of all their fragrant, rich Perfumes:
Beſides, with Morning *Air* he's treated,
Not by the Sun-beams over-heated;
It cools the *Lungs*, and fans the *Blood*,
And makes the Spirits briſk and good,
After a bad Good-fellow-Hood
Had left their ſpringy Parts uncurl'd,
Like a looſe *Sail* that is unfurl'd;
Thoſe Air and Action buckle up,
When ruffled by a Midnight's Cup.

After an idle drunken Bout,
Walk and take Air, ne'er ſleep it out;
By which you will avoid the Harms
Of *Head-ach*, and ſick Stomach *Qualms*:
For ſleeping with a Load of *Wine*,
Does all its Fumes within confine;
Which are of dang'rous Conſequence,
Dire *Apoplexies* ſpring from hence:
* *Palſies*, and *Tremors*, and the reſt,
Which moſtly Drunkards do infeſt,
From *Ferments* in the Body pent,
Which early rowzing may prevent;
For *Gouts*, and *Stone*, and ſuch Diſeaſes,
Dwell moſt where Luxury and Eaſe is:

Such

* Dr. *Lower* de motu cordis.

Such a Tormentor never rages
'Mong *W'hey*-Drinkers in poor Cottages,
Who live in Health till mighty Ages;
And to the *Grave* at hundred Years,
Carry their Mem'ry, Eyes, and Ears.
Who then in *Ale*, or worſe-brew'd *Wine*,
Wou'd drown his Health, and ſo much Time?
For whilſt Men tipple, prate, and lie,
Life on ſmooth Skates ſlides ſwiftly by.

In walking let your *Cloaths* be thin,
But not too tight or ſtrait to th' Skin,
That cool freſh *Air* may cloſe the Pores:
This oftentimes that Health reſtores,
Which too much Warmth turn'd out of Doors.

Their

Their loſs of Strength declares what hurt
They get who wear a *Flannel* Shirt:
For thro' a conſtant Dilatation,
The Spirits ſpend by Perſpiration.

In Bed lie *warm*, but not too hot,
Nor yet too *ſoft*, for that's a Fault;
Soft Feathers have Attraction ſuch,
As draws the natural *Heat* too much,
The Fleſh makes flabby, looſe and weak,
The Count'nance dead, and pale, and bleak.

Of *Heats* and *Colds* take ſpecial Care,
Windows and Doors, that let in *Air*;
A Crack, or Crevice, in the Wall,
Hurts more than doth an open Hall:

And ſafer 'tis to ſtand i'th' Street,
Than where two Doors or Entries meet.

Walk to be warm, but not to ſweat,
Or by degrees take down your Heat:
Drink not until you're very *cool*,
And gently move to get a Stool.
Yet ſometimes let your Feet be *wet*,
But in your wet *Shoes* never ſit;
For while you're running in the Dirt,
The Action keeps you from the Hurt.
Waſh frequently your *Skin* all o'er,
It gives a Spring to ev'ry Pore;
Returns the *Heat* upon the Blood,
Which makes all bad Digeſtions good.

Lodge not fine *Youth* with aged Bones,
Nor much converſe with Pains and Groans;
For Bodies, that are old, and dry'd,
From Juicy Youth will be ſupply'd:
Theſe ſuck their *Spirits*, make'em *pale*,
So *vital* Vigor needs muſt fail.
The Aged, thro' the Young one's Pores,
His own decrepid *Limbs* reſtores;
And what by Contact, what by Sweats,
What the *Youth* loſes, t'other gets:
This makes them pallid, thin and weak,
As if Hag-ridden in their Sleep.
And, on the other hand, it's naught
To lie with one that's over *fat*;
Such ſweat and over-heat the Child,
By which a good cool Habit's ſpoil'd:

For in a mod'rate Temperature,
The Welfare of the Child's ſecure.
In ſhort, obſerve, the tender Young
Shou'd be well *nurs'd*, but laid alone.

But above all, take ſpecial Care
How *Children* you affright and ſcare,
In telling Stories of Things ſeen,
Of *Sprite*, *Dæmon*, and *Hobgoblin:*
Hence they'll contract ſuch *Cowardice*,
As ne'er will leave them all their Lives;
And then th' *Ideas* of their Fears
Continued unto riper Years,
Can by no Reaſon be ſuppreſs'd,
But of them they'll be ſo poſſeſs'd,

They'll

They'll ſweat, and quake, and ſtart and ſtare,
And meet the Devil ev'ry where.
Terrors have changed ſome Men grey,
Took Limbs, and Speech, and Senſe away;
Have topſy-turvy'd Brains in Skulls,
Turn'd ſome Men mad, and ſome Men Fools:
Have made a Soul ſkip like a Sprite,
And leave the Body bolt upright,
Stark ſtaring, ghaſtly, dead and ſtiff,
Like *Lot*'s ſad monumental Wife.

Anger avoid, and alſo *Grief*,
They both are Enemies to *Life*,
And fatal often in Extremes,
To which ſide e'er the *Paſſion* leans.

In both let *Reaſon* mitigate,
She will the Fury ſoon abate,
If ſhe's conſulted not too late.
For I have ſeen fierce *Anger* checkt,
By ſeeming Deafneſs, and Neglect.
Take off the *Fewel*, th' Fire will die,
Silence alone will put it by,
If not blown up by a *Reply:*
Let it blow o'er, if you can bear,
In at one, out at t'other *Ear*;
Storms hurt not in a Thoroughfare.

Late *Watching* does much Injury
To *Nature*'s whole Oeconomy;
Impedes, or wholly doth defeat
The making of her Work compleat:

For

For all *Secretions* are made beſt
I' th' quiet State of Sleep and *Reſt*;
When all the Faculties of th' *Mind*
Are to their (ſoporal) *Cells* confin'd.
Then all the vital Functions are,
('Cauſe not diſturb'd by mental Care)
Each to his Office to repair,
And mend the *Breaches* and *Decays*,
Made by Diſorder many ways
In Life's vaſt *Labyrinth* and *Maze*;
Which thro' unknown *Mæanders* run
Winding return where they begun,
And reſtleſs in their Courſe, keep on.

For th' *Heart* clacks on, and is a Mill,
That's independent of the Will;

And, lik an *Engine*, ſquirts the Blood,
Forcing up Hill the purple Flood:
A conſtant *Fountain* that diſplays
Its *Rivulets* ten thouſand ways;
Mov'd by a ſecret *Power* unknown,
And yet that Power is not its own:
Reſtleſs from the firſt *Stroke* it gives,
To the laſt *Moment* that it lives.
Its Office is to *meſh* and *beat*,
And make the *Chyle* aſſimulate
With balmy Blood and nitrous *Air*,
(All have i'th' Work a proper Share)
Which Inſpiration does prepare.
That *Air* again the *Lungs* explode,
Diſburthen'd of its *nitrous* Load;

This

This grinds Life's *Griſt*, yet takes ſmall Toll
For carrying of it thro' the whole,
And lodging at each *Office* Door,
Sufficient for their daily Store.
Here let us aſk, what human Tongue
Can praiſe enough that wond'rous one,
That made this great *Automaton!*
Here let the *proſtrate* World adore
His infinite *Goodneſs*, *Wiſdom*, *Power*.

Of Exerciſes, *Swimming*'s beſt,
Strengthens the Muſcles of the Cheſt,
And all their fleſhy Parts confirms;
Extends, and ſtretches *Legs* and *Arms*;
And with a nimble retro-Spring,
Contracts, and brings them back again.

As 'tis the beſt, ſo 'tis the Sum
Of *Exerciſes* all in one:
And of all Motions moſt compleat,
Becauſe 'tis vi'lent without *Heat*.

And next to *Swimming*, *Riding*'s good,
It ſhakes the *Bowels*, ſtirs the Blood,
And gives a Motion to a Stool:
But bad to *ride* with *Belly* full;
For ſhaking does precipitate,
E'er you've digeſted half your *Meat*;
Beſides, your Guts, if fat, it ſquelches,
And cauſes Fumes, and ſour Belches.
'Tis alſo in hard *Livers* naught,
Or when oppreſs'd with Wind and Thought,

It ſtirs up *Flatus Hypochon:*
If ſo, deſiſt from *riding* on.
For't makes it fly into the *Head,*
Where Dizzineſs, and *Fumes* are bred;
Then Life's in Danger if you totter,
Be your *Horſe* Pacer, or a Trotter:
So let the *Rider* take a Care,
Leſt from a ſtumbling *Horſe* or *Mare,*
He don't take *Earth* in taking *Air.*
But the true Benefit in *riding,*
Is much and long i'th'*Air* abiding;
Faſting, and always jogging on,
And drinking nothing that is ſtrong;
But guzzling on a Journey's wrong:
And then perhaps you'll gain your Point,
If your *Horſe* keeps your *Neck* in Joint.

In dry conſumtive *Coughs* beware,
They always grow much worſe in *Air*;
For Places *high*, and Air *ſerene*,
Are for *thin Bodies* found too keen,
For all the *Air*, on Heights and Hills,
'Cauſe robb'd of watry Particles,
Holds Nitre *naked*, and not ſheath'd,
And ſo are naught for all ſhort-*breath'd*;
As well as *Airs* too thick with Smoaks:
One pricks and tickles, t'other choaks.
But where 'tis *clear*, and not too high,
With Mixture due of *moiſt* and dry,
The Lungs have their due Liberty,
To play their Fan moſt pleaſantly.

The

The *Air* is beſt on riſing Hills,
Alſo near grav'ly running Rills;
For where the *Soil* is hard and dry,
The *Air* is good, or low or high.
The watry *Steams* will take off Heats,
And much abate nocturnal *Sweats*.
In *Holland*, where 'tis all low Ground,
Habitual *Coughs* are rarely found;
But when *Catarrhs* and *Rheums* infeſt,
Warm and dry *Airs* are ſurely beſt.
For if * *Conſumptions* cur'd can be,
(Which is a mighty Rarity)

Three

* Ulterius phthiſis perfecta rariſſimè poteſt curari: vita interim diutiſſimè poteſt conſervari, per hæc tria:

1. Per legitimum uſum lactis.

2. Per uſum vulnerariorum, &c.

Three Things in chief you need prepare,
Milk, *Traumaticks*, and Change of *Air*.
And if with theſe, Cold *Baths* you get,
To temper down the hectic Heat,
He may go bare-foot as a *Gooſe*,
Who lives in hope of dead *Mens* Shoes.

Tho' *Riding* is extremely good,
Yet *Health* lies more in Choice of *Food*:

3. Per mutationem Aëris.

Denique quoad legitimum uſum lactis:

In omni atrophiâ, tabe phthiſi commodiſſimè obſervatur, quod lactis uſus, ſeu legitimus potus, in quibuſdam caſibus multum poſſit: ſed parum proderit, quoties atrophia eſt à colluvie cujuſdam viſceris, aut ubi atrophia eſt ex vitio ſtomachi, niſi hic prius ſit correctus. *Mich. Etmulleri de Nutritione partium leſa.* *Pag.* 282.

A gen'ral Rule we may go by,
Is eating ſuch things 'ſpecially,
As are leaſt apt to putrefy.
New *Milk* and *Rice*, *Bread*, *Corn*, and *Roots*.
Freſh *Sallets*, and freſh gather'd *Fruits*,
Sweet *Butter*, *Oil*, and well made *Cheeſe*;
For thoſe who moſtly feed on theſe,
Live long, and gently wear away
Perceiving not their own Decay,
To th' utmoſt Point o' th' fatal Day.
Then without *Pain*, like Lamps expire,
With the laſt *Spark* of vital *Fire*.

For *Life*'s a *Lamp*, its Oil well ſpent,
Leaves when't goes out a fragrant *Scent*:

Thrice

Thrice happy *he*, whoſe virtuous *Name*
Is *Incenſe*, and perfumed *Flame*
On th'Altar of immortal Fame.

So, *Reader*, if thou art ſo *wiſe*
To put in Practice this *Advice*;
The World ſhall wonder to behold
Thou look'ſt ſo young, and art ſo old.

The Doctor's Decade,
Or the Utenſils of his Trade:

For in Ten *Words the whole Art is compris'd;*
For ſome of the Ten *are always advis'd,*

VIZ.

Piſs, *Spew*, and *Spit*,
Perſpiration and *Sweat*;
Purge, *Bleed*, and *Bliſter*,
Iſſues and *Clyſter*;

THESE few Evacuations
Cure all the Doctor's *Patients*,
If rightly apply'd
By a wiſe Phyſick Guide:

For an Error in theſe,
Is worſe than Diſeaſe;
So can't be too wary,
Where Caſes do vary;
For a Doſe of't too much,
Turns *PUG* o're the Perch.
What more they advance,
Is all done by Chance;
Even *Steel* and the *Bark*,
Do tilt in the Dark:
Tho' *Opium*, alas!
May put by a Paſs,
And lull a *Diſeaſe*
By a ſeeming falſe Peace;
Yet theſe Phyſick *Allies*
Uſe ſuch Falacies,

And fail us ſo common,
We can't depend on 'em;
So as to a Cure,
There's none can be ſure.
Moſt other *Specifics*
Have no viſible Effects,
But the getting of *Fees*,
For a Promiſe of Eaſe;
(Much like the South S——)
Tho' our *Glaſſes* of late
Have furniſh'd the *Pate*
With *Philoſophical* Prate;
As to read learned Lectures
On a T—— and its Textures;
And can ſee in the Sp—m,
Generations to come:

Like Tadpoles a ſwimming
To the land of the Living.
Yet for all this *fine* ſhow,
No more do we know,
Than did old *Quid pro Quo*;
That famous Compounder,
And firſt *Phyſick* Founder.
In thoſe Days their Blunders
Were eſteem'd as *Wonders*,
And admired as much
As ſome do *H—b C—h*:
For Phyſick then took,
Much more by the Look,
Than by the Succeſs,
Which is the beſt *Teſt*.

To look *big*, *grave*, and *dull*,
And talk half like a *Fool*,
Denotes a wiſe Skull.
To be *deaf*, and half *blind*,
Were Perfections of Mind;
For all ſuch Defects
Were to *Folly* as Checks;
And few were thought wiſe,
That ſaw with both *Eyes*.
Yet none of theſe *Blinkers*
Were accounted *Free-thinkers*,
As is ſeen by the *Treacle*
Where *Health* lay in Pickle:
That ancient *Farrago*,
Exploded long ago.

Yet 'tis ſuch a Med'cine,
Once had the *Pope*'s Bleſſing;
And ſo is *Catholic*,
Tho' not *Apoſtolick*:
For't has not a Miſſion
From *Luke* the *Phyſician*.
But why do we them blame,
When we play the ſame *Game?*
And make up ſtrange Mixtures
Of different *Textures*,
Which fret and ferment,
'Till their *Fury* is ſpent;
And in our *Guts* jar,
And there raiſe a War.
From a *Het'rogen* Med'cine,
The Strife is inteſtine;

But

But where the Ingredients
Are mix'd with Experience
Of their *Homogeneity*,
They'll never diſquiet ye.
Ill Compounds are owing
To our *Simples* not knowing;
For their Virtues, unleſs
The Plants will confeſs,
We muſt all acquieſce,
And practiſe by Gueſs,
'Till the College reveals
What Their Prudence conceals.
The *Arcanas* of Art,
To none they impart;
Thoſe ſacred *Archives*,
Which enrol all our Lives,

Are lodg'd on high *Shelves*,
Out o'th' Reach of themſelves;
And when they fall *ſick*,
What they gave upon Tick,
The *Doctors* ne'er take,
For fear of Miſtake;
But always miſtruſt,
What they believed at firſt;
Whilſt the practiſing *Youth*
Swallows all for a Truth.
For whatever they read,
They believe as their *Creed*;
But will find when they *try*,
That *Authors* will lye;
And in *Phyſick* there's *Legend*,
As well as *Religion*;

Thus

Thus the *older* they grow,
The leſs they will know;
For, being oft out,
Creates in 'em *Doubt:*
So themſelves they'll ne'er kill,
By *Potion* or *Pill*;
No *Powders* nor *Bolus*,
Nor *Iſſues* o'th' *Shoulders*,
Nor *enſeared* in *Bliſters*;
Thoſe Shrouds of the * *Siſters*,
Which old *Nick* did contrive
To flay Men alive;
As if the Sick didn't feel,
When ſkinn'd like an *Eel.*

Then

* *The three Ladies of Deſtiny*; Clotho, Lacheſis, *and* Atropos.

Then a *Plaiſter*'s apply'd
To th' Remains of the Hide,
Which tears off the reſt,
Next time it is dreſt
By ſome little *Hell*-Cub,
Or Spawn of old *Belz'bub*,
Or *Mellilot* his Maſter,
With a whole Sheet of *Plaiſter*,
To ſhroud him compleat,
From the *Head* to the *Feet*;
Sent by his *Phyſician*,
To manage th' Inquiſition:
For, one half that dies
Are ſpur-gall'd by his Flies,
And flay'd out of their Lives.

But

But the *Devil* a *Doctor*
Will flay his own Back ſore;
What his Patients endure,
He'll avoid to be ſure:
Their *Groans* and their Aking,
Do fright him from taking;
Nor ſhall any *Slops*,
But *Wine*, wet his Chops:
He all *Med'cines* defies,
As he does *Spaniſh Flies*.
From experienc'd Opinion,
Ther's little Help in *'em*.
But as *Death* does draw near,
Their Art is their Fear;
Truſting more to *Small-Beer*,

A *Horſe*

A *Horſe* and freſh *Air*,
Than to *Phyſick* and *Prayer*.
From whence I ſuggeſt,
They're too *wiſe* for the *reſt*.

FINIS.

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